

# Inordinal





By Shomit Sirohi

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and

Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All

those Stories called Many Stories



I. I was a Poet

In fact I was a poet, who spent his life,  
reading literature. I was a pianist, in years  
after training in philosophy. I even believed  
in poetry, it is mathematical. I mean in  
Spanish, and French that I also learnt, Ilaan



this is, he was just the man a lot of women  
felt. Like a opera, Ilaan reflects women, as  
his reverse. But in the sense then of the  
opera - Je'va - which means a man who is  
developing a process on music, and his  
women lovers who are poetically praising  
him. This becomes a transcendental which  
though is minimal and maximal - like an  
appearance. It means that then, what is the



appearance of poems - something like a  
infinite process unfolds in Je'va. The women  
are all poetic and philosophers in fact, and  
Jerome, now Ilaan is in fact also a poet and  
philosopher. Here in the Spanish tradition of  
things, it is not history or economics at all,  
but poetry, and only its processes. It is  
inadmissible all this French stuff, Borges  
pleaded for a moment - it is that beautiful



poetry. Borges, argues that poetry is learnt when one admits Mathematics and poetry. A course he prepared in fact to teach it.

A poet meets Lorca - who is destined to meet him. That is Je'va. A simple poem which is complex which means many people are finding their office, job or even money and



are all around, and even that it is like a  
economic company which is working at their  
choice of work - all of that is the French, busy  
proving Marx - that life is mathematical in  
the economic sense then - that there is in  
economics, also scales and production and  
even creative production and aesthetics. But  
for us in Spain, it is just poetry - which  
becomes about poetry, like Lorca reflects



Ilaan - that process there of buildings and  
people going to taxis, or buses and our  
walking around is economics - that there is a  
lot of poems then in following just the  
process of series, indirect gatherings and in  
fact what is poetic - the more Poetic Marx -  
that Marxist formalism - where he says  
generally it is tropes the whole thing about  
business - that stuff.



## A. Index of Spanish Poetry

In fact that there is a Spanish poetic section in the Biblioteca, where one found the simple meaning of Spanish poetry and the French poem - indiscernible, scientific and pure. It is the ideal-type of what is called rubbish.



That then poetry proves that ideal-types  
should be followed, - not just a Madrid  
building and companies and all that but Zara  
argues its infinity.

Ilaan argues in Spanish then he translates  
this, “le pregunta esta la promotion de la  
forma de infinidad en la sexo, y la prueba de



totalisation due la vida y la formas esta  
infinidad, en el sentido de la Cultura, o  
Historia, y la totalidad de formas, que estan  
como musica y dyanimcas que es puro.”

## II. Borges teaches Poetry



At first it is a story which is personal, about  
Lorca and his lover, but also Lautremaunt,  
the French woman needs more money, a  
capitalist amount in fact and then comes the  
process of Ilaan - who is busy working on this  
process. As Belano is then teaching he means  
Spanish and French where in the language  
there is infinity, you get that - infinity exists -  
they mean in a manner of speaking, it can be



cheap stuff infinity - in a poem infinity is just  
in fact personal.

III. Homer and Vigil



The process is generalised, and poetic - the poem of Lorca, Lautremaunt and Ilaan is then generalised, which means generally the case - it just the poem that matters therefore.

Imagine that this then becomes a construction of all aspects.



IV. A Process therefore is Infinite, what does  
it mean to live?

So in fact Ilaan proves that we are traversed  
by infinity, all that matters then is my  
company, just that side - our process.

Part II Rayuelismo



I. In fact then she lives at my house, and  
opposite

We are swinging at times, swimming at  
times, and even dancing in quarters format  
which means a certain cannabis formalism.



## II. Speaking to Her on the Phone

On in fact insistence, she calls. And we spoke  
a whole lot of us, a lot. We mean this as  
poetry - that can you imagine, that in the  
whole world, there was just us, talking with  
Jewish people and philosophers - only we  
matter to each other, that we meant was the



whole process being depicted again and  
again in all the ways which was so poetic  
finally. We have been through the worst.

Why, I am currently going delusional. When  
everything was infinity. In French then 'la  
delusion este le from du un Infiniti que es la  
process du le humanism que es le forme de  
un distress en un femme, que es finalmaunte  
un doctoral crises que es resolver a la



science du poesia solo, y perhaps le  
psychoanalysis. Tu le vide este un professor  
que set le forme du le vi en distress que es  
infini en theologie, le forme de Infiniti en le  
distress. Entendu?"



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III. Rayuelismo



Ilaan talks to Belano - is it then just  
rayuelismo the thing about it. Belano argues  
in fact yes, in fact yes. That at one point in  
Section I and Part I there was a discussion on  
pianos and poetry as infinite, and then in Part  
II there was a phone call, and then in fact  
here in this section again, there is a  
repetition called the simple moves - un, dos,  
tres. In fact tres, Belano argues. That the first



step is moving forward to the game which is  
running, in Jewish games, and then in  
Rayuelismo cycling which then comes back  
home and in the middle talks about it the  
same way. Which all means at another point,  
I was in fact busy reading about it. Yes - it  
proves, un, dos y tres as not any three steps  
which is poetic - but majorly three steps in a  
game called Hopscotch, or perhaps in a game



called De-la- which mean first two steps and  
then a third across - which means long steps -  
long period between your house the hospital,  
its diagnosis and simply following then a  
detour to literature as the truth which then  
can be anything.

A. Steps in the Small Notebook of a  
Construction



He first walks up and down, is delusional, or even crazy, and then he sits down, and then he proves it. After all, it was the fucking dance which led to this, which also meant that in the process of the drinking and walking there is a divine process. I meant sit down on the bed, as you search for a construction which then is the process in the



section of the geometric compass drawing of  
a figure which becomes this - I meant which  
in another form, becomes the process of this  
walk and that sitting and that acting which is  
then a compass of the simple movement  
which is dance. I meant just this then is the  
simple meaning of then games. It is just the  
spiritual games which is what then means as  
I walk out and sit on the staircase and smoke,



that is then a process of meeting a person  
who is following me, which goes there then  
and comes back - which is scientific. But then  
there is poetry that the process is also funky  
man drawings which prove that the illusion of  
imbibition or such crises are finally cured by  
smoking lemon cigarettes, which I did and it  
helped, which also proves it is spiritual



Hebrew processes that then organise the  
process of sets.

Part IV - a Construction in Organic Spanish

Cathedral



# I. Claire, a Meditation on Spandrels of Architecture - Convolute I

Just a meditation on the nature of things,  
being in fact a simple infinite process. Just  
that work on the spandrels of sitting and



writing, even finally having a sexual  
conversation.

II. Arches, - the meditation of Hallene



In fact the process also has an open arch, of  
in fact women which are sexually dancing,  
towards Ilaan - the development of Je'va.

III. Organic Natural Colours of A Building -  
the Meditation of Ilaan with the Convolute II



In fact then there is also the organic spiritual activity, of the bed cover, and sex process which then is the basis of the discovery, sleep, and its simple journey towards the bed cover and sex dialectic which is then in a Rayuela the process of one act. It means here we act.



IV. All the developments of the History of the  
Meditation process by Natalia - Convoluted  
Process III with Arches I

And so in fact Natalia goes to the free  
process of the Arches as in fact the process of  
a photographer named Ilaan who takes  
photographs of them in this style he calls - Le



Miserable. But is also Spanish entirely in the sense of experimentalism at its highest - like judging the cloth to be a miracle of cinema.

That natural lighting goes with the process of in fact cinema.



## Part V - The Part about Merav

### I. Merav in the House

In fact Merav studies the process better, and  
is a follower of Ilaan, as Belano is busy  
walking in the Spanish section of Buenos



Aires which is full of staircases and old  
houses, which then was a Skating Rink in the  
case of Thailand with Tadana, and then of  
course here it is cheap housing which is  
hotels which then has a small swimming pool  
at the back. So that then Belano argues is  
infinity, as Merav is busy smoking and  
discussing Ilaan's love for women. Ilaan is  
now reverse to the intellectuals and the part



is just that. It is about Merav intervening in the process of infinity called Ilaan and the women, its other infinity is philosophers and intellectuals like Merav - and that is the cathedral he meant - a small number of steps or houses or people reflecting each other. As Ilaan is busy with the cha cha cha process.



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Part VI.



## I. The Act of Watching Television as News

In fact then Ilaan is busy in the process of watching television in his experimental sense of a depiction of the chair and book process of reflecting on his own invention. He then realises that in fact the process is relating to the previous session in Paharganj where he



was dancing to infinity, and experiencing the sexual aspect of life. He then meant that he was fine. He rises up like Pascal and walks out and celebrates. He means infinity is still a process of in fact admiring success more than defeat and that is Buddhist metaphysics. He can tell that the long recovery is also about, as he begins to call people on the phone and start partying. The women are busy being



told to go to the discotheque and he is at his  
best downstairs admiring the lights and  
listening to creative rap music, and happy.  
That means the highest Freudian award.

## II. A Process of Oliviera Macana



Oliviera Macana then begins in Buenos Aires  
to cook in his house all that was then in  
another day, Ilaan with Milner who was busy  
describing the free process of infinity as also  
with the process he meant was cooking.

Which then means Freud is daily life stuff  
afterall. Like cooking, as Jewish people are in  
Israel cooking.



### III. The Party

In fact then they meet, the girls pick him up from the Cordoba section of life and meet him while he was busy regretting the meeting, they kiss and walk around.



## Part VII.

- I. She was walking and dancing in a party



In fact she was walking and dancing,  
forwards and backwards, through the  
constellation, of in fact I Ilaan who was  
imitating the movements and asking her to.  
The modelling section was getting ready as  
well, to do something like a festive evening,  
and music was rap, and then black women  
were doing the same, which then became a  
police following we got, for our achievements



of following only the ideal-type. We believed  
in mathematics, which is being followed in  
creative forms of Freudian art we meant.

II. I am in the process of television dancing



We were watching news, and dancing  
through it, and listening to images of infinity,  
and even following the process closely for all  
its Argentine Spanish takes. We then re-  
edited it to the Madrid famous process and  
kept following we meant infinity. Breton's  
arguments are different in nature, he thinks  
we should be closer to the art process at all  
times in fact, after the economics is proven to



be correct, called infinity. So in fact I was with Borges, Breton and a few others, and even Belano who interpreted the process as strictly about art and its curation of life in a process called free.

### III. Black power notations



In fact they are this creative with Ilaan, he is the Prophetic man they mean, because he is black – he is of course black he argues. And he just talks about black power – as the correct line. He is busy ‘yeah. Yeah.’ About the matter, and is only the process of in fact basketball at another level. Now he is busy doing cha-cha-cha with Penelepesa and this means her and I, who then are busy



reflecting in the room. Lima is making  
poemic jazz notes.

Part IX. Metaphysics



## I. I am Lorca

I am Lorca, and I am destined to be poor, and even delusional, and finally I ask for you to free me from this life of poverty and even stylish modelling at cheap housing. I mean that you were true, and now we dance. Your health is perfectly Jewish, and I love that you



went to Barcelona on that car and met Belano  
and freed me, I was in the room, when you  
knocked the door.

## II. Le Fragmentacion



In fact the process becomes abstract and finally theoretical, when you follow French, and I am just like 'yeah, I like that.' And so in fact the process gets metaphysical that way. I also mean with you. Here I am crying and falling in love. I call it sexual poetry, that you are about. Ilaan is of course in a deep rendition of metaphysics, he means is the idealism of this process, that we idealise is



true. But also false, it can be. I am only a  
poet.

### III. Ballet

In fact ballet, then, this is my cure, and even  
my process I meant, but a different ballet.

Yeah, I like that. We were all there with you



Rocamadour, one girl said when she was young. I was in fact happy, listening to rap music.

IV. Pure Ideas – that Penelepesa meets

Ilaan and the Women all form Il-Iliza



In fact it's a pure idea, that we all follow the process of free lives and art while Ilaan is busy talking to Fidel even, about the infinite.

He means that this is politics, this is art, this is art process.



## Part X.

### I. Spanish Melodies



First there is melody in life, and then  
tragedy, and finally the girlfriend meets the  
boyfriend, it can be feminist.

## II. Spanish accents



We are just the process of tragedy, pure,  
infinite and even indiscernible. I meant I was  
in love, in that accent which you pick up, and  
I was also dressed sexually, in specific  
measure, for that attraction, you mean is  
important. Without that life is still a melody,  
but in fact a tragic melody, of alienation, I  
mean that. I mean alienation.



### III. Marx as according to Ilaan and Belano

In fact Marx is the poet, and the correct choice of a philosopher. Not Hegel, that grand construction of in fact the Baroque afterall. But Marx the mathematician who is more scientific and therefore utopian. Like



the process is with me then a Spanish melody  
which works out my friend. It all works out  
for the poet anyway.

#### IV. Spanish Sex and Conversation –

Tehzeeb



In fact Zera and Alea, then come up to Ilaan

and smoke and talk and signal their elan.

Only you knew this, and now we are free.

Afterall a lecture on empiricism is all that

matters. I mean empirical to us, we are free.

We are also poetic counterparts to the

process you call Il-Iliza. In fact then Ilaan is



busy performing a Marsiya when he is in the  
house with them, he calls it acting.

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## Convolutes - Indexes

### I. Lorcanismo



First I was distressed, then I was happy, and  
that is all I know about life, economics or  
politics. It must be like a reflection of many  
people. And must be that infinite then. But  
my life I know, I tell you that, it is the  
revelation of Lorca, my life I know, okay.



## II. Lorcanismo in Cathedral Section II

Then I was in fact a learner of piano, and I  
was fully about instead jazz and its  
saxophone to be included. I found that  
Baroque, and it teaches me more. As Ilaan is  
busy with black rights discussions on the  
fluency of genius.



### III. Valadet – Section IV of a novel

In fact then Vala is busy via the street taking  
a scooter in modern senses which is her  
scooter in Goa which is how she felt infinity  
is.



## Part X – A Chapter on Sex and Rayuela

### I. Rayuela



And so I find Lieh. Most of the time it was just a case of my putting in an appearance, going along the process of walking towards the bus stand to the arch leading into the calles in Madrid, and I would see her slender form against the olive-grey light which I was seeing many women or leaned over the iron rail looking at the floor in the balcony. It was quite natural for me to climb the steps to the



bridge, go into its narrowness and over to  
where she stood, Penelepesa. She would  
smile and show no surprise, convinced as she  
was, the same as I, that casual meetings are  
apt to be just the opposite, and that people  
who make dates are the people who live, just  
as we walked in Paris once, now in Madrid  
we do the same, and sometimes in Buenos  
Aire we are with people and in Delhi, we are



just walking all through, perhaps talking  
about sex, which then concludes the night. I  
mean Madrid is full of women and so is Paris,  
also black women from Algiers and New York.  
I call all this a melody, of life.

But now she would not be on the bridge. The  
thin glow of her face was probably peeking  
into the old doorways in the Marais ghetto, or



maybe she was talking to a woman who sells  
fried potatoes, or she might be eating a hot  
sausage, we bought from a store.

She tried to open your umbrella in the park  
in a proud sort of way, but your hand got all  
wrapped up in a catastrophe of cold lightning



shafts and black clouds, strips of torn cloth  
falling from the ruins of unfrocked spokes,  
and we both laughed alot as we got soaked,  
thinking that an umbrella found in a public  
square ought to die a noble death in a park  
and in fact slow acting as the process of in  
fact sexual acting. Then I rolled it up as best  
I could and we took it to the top of the park  
near the little bridge over the railroad tracks,



and from there I threw it with all my might to  
the bottom of the gully where it landed on the  
wet grass as you gave out with a shout in  
which I thought I vaguely recognized as  
Pyrnees where we met Claire and formed a  
teaching lesson for jazz. Le di que en faite, le  
metafisique est un homme et un femme, una  
chica que hace broma.



I put things on shelves, books, unformed  
ideas, scripts. You used to get warm at that  
stove of his with its big black pipe, and you  
didn't like me to know that you were going to  
sit next to that stove. But all of this should  
have been said in its proper time, except that  
it was difficult to know what the proper time  
for things was, very gay, she adores yellow,  
her bird is the blackbird, her time is night,



her bridge is the Pont des Arts." (A must-colored péniche, Maga, and I wonder why we didn't sail off on it while there was still time.)

We had barely come to know each other when life began to plot everything necessary for us to stop meeting little by little. Since you didn't know how to fake I realized at once that in order to see you as I wanted to I



would have to begin by shutting my eyes, and  
then at first some things like yellow stars  
(moving around in a velvet jelly), then red  
jumps of humor and time, a sudden entry into  
a Maga world, awkward and confused, but  
also with ferns signed by a Klee spider, a  
Miró circus, Vieira da Silva ash-mirrors, a  
chess world where you moved about like a  
knight trying to move like a rook trying to



move like a bishop. In those days we used to go to art movies, while I was into modelling photography, fashion as they say.

Part II – The Part About Sex, Cannabis and Rayuelismo



Hotel Colon, in South Havana and then I  
stopped off here to have my wallet checked to  
a minimal, so I picked up wage. Wouldn't do  
to go back among the Spanish people in  
Havana, not free yet they say with the  
process of in fact young dancing stuff which I  
am calling great healthcare which I mean is  
randomly dancing also. Lora was in town and  
was sipping juice and talking and laughing, a



lot of girlfriend behaviour is just that Logica  
she argues, going on.

### Part III – Buying Grass

You could buy four ounces in any drug store.

Now the druggists are balky and the

Chamber of Deputies was about to pass a



special Gains Law when he threw in the towel and went back to the hills and sat there with a number of drivers and collected the normal amount called a ounce. I was getting off junk and he kept nagging me why was I kidding myself once a junkie always a junkie. If I quit junk I would become a sloppy lush or go crazy taking cocaine. One night I got lushed and bought some dreamy dancing and sexual



poetry and he kept saying over and over, 'I  
knew you'd come home with grass. I knew it.  
You'll be a junkie all the rest of your life' and  
looking at me with his little cat smile. Junk is  
a cause with him. I checked into the hospital  
junk sick and spent four days there. They  
would only give me three shots of what is  
called sedation and I couldn't sleep from  
pain and heat and deprivation besides which



there was a worse case in the same room  
with me and his friends came and stayed all  
day and half the night - one of them did in  
fact stay until midnight. Recall walking by  
some American women in the corridor who  
looked like agrarian wives. One of them was  
saying, 'I don't know why but I just can't eat  
sweets: 'You got diabetes lady,' I said. They  
all whirled around and gave me an outraged



stare. After checking out of the hospital , I  
stopped off at the U.S. Embassy. In front of  
the Cuban Embassy is a vacant lot with  
weeds and trees where women used to  
undress to swim in the waters of the bay-  
home of the feminine dance of metaphysical  
formalisms of some type of contemplation of  
cha cha cha as also a musical dance and  
singing process. Smell of lemon cigarette and



sea water and young lust. No letters. I  
stopped again to buy two ounces of grass  
which I cut from the park. Whores and pimps  
and hustlers in the world follow me, for the  
women to free up and that becomes jazz  
dialectics applied everyday in search of more  
in fact creative answers to what is called this  
process I keep saying in philosophy then – all  
of this is a process and freedom is in it like



mathematics – just three steps – here and  
hospital and back or three other steps, to the  
girlfriend and chatting and back, and then a  
complex unity of PCF and PCE, even PCP and  
CPSU asking me to stop the joking on what is  
called in fact cannabis poems of dressing and  
style which is then translated as poet and  
artistic behaviour on especially spontaneity  
even in theatre, which I write and it is just.



'Want nice girl'!' 'Naked lady dance?' 3 ·see  
me fuck my sister?' No wonder food prices  
are high. They can't keep them down on the  
farm. They all want to come in Havana and  
settle down there and everywhere, this is  
Cuba they tell me. I had a magazine article  
with me describing a joint in Havana but  
actually a poor house called Laurema. This is  
anything goes. Outside a few parked cars,



inside it a woman from somewhere, now I am  
in Greece coasts reading Annales.

## Part IV

I wonder what a boyfriend would be like.

Probably cutting films and yapping on sex



and poetry and even metaphysics, Buddhist  
metaphysics of course.

Theatre directions -

When they say anything goes they are  
referring to the joint not the customers. I ran  
into my old friend Jones the cab driver, and  
bought some C off him that was cut to hell



and back. I nearly suffocated myself trying to sniff enough of this crap to get a lift. Later I was holding his arm while he vomited in the car headlights, looking young and petulant with his blond hair mussed standing there in the warm Spring wind. Then we got back in the car and turned the lights off and I said, 'Let's again: And he said, 'No we shouldn't: And I said, 'Why not'!' and by then he was



excited too so we did it again, and I ran my  
hands over his back under his tuxedo shirt  
and held him against me and felt the long  
baby hairs of his smooth cheek against mine  
and he went to sleep there and it was getting  
light when we drove home. I was just walking  
and talking, and even unfolding the window  
and searching for her house which was then  
a process again, of sitting on the bed with her



and talking, which was just the process of  
talking. I went to Breton's cinema school  
which I made up and shot photographs of  
many kinds - he told me to be a surrealist  
and that meant a lot of photographs  
interpreting each sentence. After that in the  
car several times and one time his family was  
away and we took off all our clothes and



afterwards I watched him sleeping like a  
baby with his mouth a little open.

Finally I am waking up to television news  
which works and I was busy singing and  
bathing they say, and that was life they meant  
all of that was coming back home from  
Havana. The excessive drinking and pubbing  
was called life and event. I called to me from



an upstairs window was anything wrong and why didn't I come in the house. So I wiped the tears off my face and went in and said I was sick and went upstairs to bed.

Next day I went to the University to get information on Yage. All sciences are lumped in The Institute. This is a red brick building, dusty corridors, unlabeled offices mostly



locked. I was then crouching under the bed and searching for a cell phone which was covering the games on it and felt that I won the game many times called a snakes game I loved.

I meant as a friend and I climbed over crates and stuffed a number of files into the car and a number of grass leaves and botanical



presses. These women are continually being moved from one room to another for no discernible reason. Women rush out of offices and claim some object from the litter in the hall and have it carried back into their offices. The porters sit around on crates smoking and greeting everybody as what they say in the beach, and women say 'Now what have they done with my cocoa? It was a



new type of wild cocoa. And what is this  
stuffed condor doing here on my table?'

Boston and Harvard unmistakably. He  
introduced himself as Doctor Ilaan. He was  
connected with a Spanish embassy guy. I  
asked about cocoa and cacao here. I even  
met the women and had the Spaghetti and  
twigs in Jewish senses a lot, we cut the twigs  
kept boiling it, fine twig of course and ate it



with white sauce. Come along and I'll show you,' he said taking one last look for his cocoa. He showed me a Yage vine which looked to be a very undistinguished sort of plant. Yes he had taken it, but 'That's all imagination of course,' he said. I was like a narrator to the PCF on what it means to be a novelist, he also meant a poet, and this announces for them cinema of course, which



I was busy sexualising, since the history of cinema is the eroticisation of bodies and faces.

I

I was about useless things, a practice I had begun some years before in a hospital and which all seemed richer and more necessary



every time since. With great effort,  
marshaling auxiliary images, thinking about  
smells and faces, I managed to extract out of  
nothing a pair of chestnut-colored shoes I had  
owned in Olavarria in 1940. They had rubber  
heels and very thin soles, and when it rained  
the water used to seep in up to my very soul.

With that pair of shoes in the hand of my  
memory the rest came along by itself: the



face of Doña Manuela, for example, or the poet Ernesto Mor-roni. But I rejected them because the game consisted in bringing back only the insignificant, the unnoticed, the forgotten. Trembling at not being able to remember, attacked by those moths suggested by postponement, an imbecile for having kissed time, I finally saw beyond the shoes a can of Sol brand tea which my



mother had given me in Buenos Aires. And  
the little double teaspoon, a mousetrap  
spoon, where little black mice were scalded  
alive in the cup of water as they gave off  
hissing bubbles. Convinced that memory  
keeps everything one of the most amazing  
wonders of this circus, and yet one can  
imagine a consciousness alert enough to  
understand that every time he lights his belly



this light-bearing bug must feel some inkling  
of privilege. In just this way La Maga was  
fascinated with the strange mixups she had  
become involved in because of the  
breakdown of the laws governing her Ufe.

She was one of those people who could make  
a bridge collapse simply by walking on it, or  
who could sobbingly remember having seen  
in a shop window the lottery ticket which had



just won five million. As for me, I'm already  
used to the fact that quietly exceptional  
things happen to me, and I don't find it too  
horrible when I go into a dark room looking  
for a record album and feel in my hand the  
wriggling form of a centipede who has  
chosen to sleep in the binding. That sort of  
thing. Or finding great gray or green tufts in  
a pack of cigarettes, or hearing the whistle of



a locomotive coincide ex officio in time and  
pitch with a passage from a symphony by  
Ludwig van, or going into a pissotière. When  
I drop something, and it doesn't work if  
somebody else picks it up because the curse  
will still be effective. People usually think I'm  
crazy and I really am crazy when I do it,  
when I pounce on a pencil or a piece of paper  
which I have dropped, like the night I



dropped a lump of sugar in that restaurant on the Rue Scribe, a posh place with an overload of salesmen, whores with silver foxes, and well-established married couples. We were there with Ronald and Etienne, and I dropped a lump of sugar. It landed underneath a table some distance from ours. The first thing that had drawn my attention was how it had rolled so far away, because most often a lump of



sugar will stay where it lands, obeying  
obvious geometrical principles. But this one  
took off like a mothball, heightening my  
worry, and I began to feel that it had actually  
been snatched out of my hand. Ronald knows  
me, and by then quite desperate and began  
to grab at the women's shoes to see if the  
lump might not be hiding under the arch of  
one, while the chickens cackled and the



businessmen-roosters pecked me on the  
back. I could hear Ronald and Etienne  
breaking up with laughter as I moved from  
one table to another until I found the lump  
ensconced behind an Empire foot. Everybody  
was furious and so was I, as I held the sugar  
tightly in my palm and felt it dissolve in the  
sweat my hand gave off, as if it were some  
sort of mean and sticky vengeance meant to



terminate another one of those episodes that

I was always getting involved in.

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and

Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All

those Stories called Many Stories



## II

AT first it had been like a bloodletting, being here, a flogging to be taken internally, the need to feel a stupid blue-covered passport in my coat pocket, the hotel key hung securely on its rack. Fear, ignorance, bewilderment. This is the name of this thing, that's how you ask for that thing, now that woman is going



to smile, the Jardin des Plantes starts at the  
end of that street. Paris, a postcard with of  
me, unfold again after having been so alone  
and so in love for a moment, face to face with  
the eternity of her body.

At the moment, and we would go from  
memories of school to a plate of warmed-over  
noodles, mixing wine and beer and lemonade,



going to the corner to buy two dozen oysters  
from the old woman there, playing Schubert  
songs on Madame Noguet's shell of a piano,  
or Bach preludes, or putting up with Porgy  
and Bess along with steak and pickles. The  
disorder in which we lived, or the order,  
rather, which saw a bidé quickly and  
naturally changed into a storage place for  
records and unanswered letters, seemed to



me like some sort of necessary discipline,  
although I didn't care to tell my feelings. It  
didn't take me long to understand that you  
didn't discuss reality in methodical terms  
with La Maga. Praise of disorder, deliberately  
flat beer, always being myself and my life;  
there was I with my life face to face with  
other people's lives. But I was proud  
nonetheless to be a conscious bum and to



have lived under all sorts of moons, in all  
kinds of scrapes with La Maga and Ronald  
and Rocamadour and the Club and the  
streets and my moral sickness and other  
worse ones, and Berthe Trépat and  
sometimes hunger and old man Trouille, who  
used to get me out of trouble, under the  
leaves of vomity nights of music and tobacco  
and little meannesses and all kinds of



exchanges, because underneath and on top of  
it all I had refused to pretend like normal  
bohemians that the chaos of my affairs and  
finances was some sort of higher spiritual  
order or something else with an equally  
disgusting label, nor had I accepted the  
notion that all one needed was just one split  
second of decency (decency, now, young  
fellow!) to crawl out from the midst of so



much filthy cotton. And that's how I had met  
Lieh.

I have plucked me out of this vigilance in the  
depths of emptiness for just a moment. Too  
late, always too late, because even though we  
made love so many times, happiness must  
have been something else, something sadder  
perhaps than this peace, this pleasure, a



mood of unicorn or island, an endless fall in  
immobility. Now I did not know that my  
kisses were like eyes which began to open up  
beyond her, and that I went along outside as  
if I saw a different concept of the world, the  
dizzy.



Oliveira was sitting on the bed smoking his third insomniac cigarette. Once or twice he softly stroked the skin of La Maga, who was next to him, asleep. It was just before dawn on Monday and they had already let Sunday afternoon and evening slip by reading, listening to records, getting up alternately to warm up some coffee or prepare some mate. I had fallen asleep during the last movement



of a Haydn quartet and since he did not want to listen any more, Oliveira had pulled out the plug of the phonograph as he lay there on the bed. The record kept on spinning a little more, but there was no more sound from the speaker. He didn't know why, but this stupid inertia had made him think about the apparently useless movements of some insects, of some children. He couldn't sleep



and he looked out the open window towards  
the garret where a hunchbacked violinist was  
studying very late. It was not a warm night,  
but her body warmed up his leg and his right  
side; he moved away little by little and  
thought that it was going to be a long night.

He would be here and not there, or going into  
a house instead of not going in or instead of  
going into the one next door; in other words,



every act entailed the admission of a lack, of something not yet done and which could have been done, the tacit protest in the face of continuous evidence of a lack, of a reduction, of the inadequacy of the present moment. To believe that action could crown something, or that the sum total of actions could really be a life worthy of the name was the illusion of a moralist. It was better to withdraw, because



withdrawal from action was the protest itself  
and not its mask. Oliveira lit another  
cigarette and this little action made him  
smile ironically and tease himself about the  
act itself. He was not too worried about  
superficial analyses, almost always perverted  
by distraction and linguistic traps. The only  
thing certain was the weight in the pit of his  
stomach, the physical suspicion that



something was not going well and that perhaps it never had gone well. It was not even a problem, but rather the early denial of both collective lies and that grumpy solitude.

Then he felt about Ghirlandaio or Dostoevsky.

In Paris everything was Buenos Aires, and vice versa; in the most eager moments of love



he would suffer loss and loneliness and relish it. A perniciously comfortable attitude which even becomes easy as it grows into a reflex or technique; the frightful lucidity of the paralytic, the blindness of the perfectly stupid athlete. One begins to go about with the sluggish step of a philosopher or a clochard, as more and more vital gestures become reduced to mere instincts of



preservation, to a conscience more alert not  
to be deceived the pure dialectical process  
again as vacillation.

Part VI



## I. La Dia

The process of working on philosophy has to be related to poetry and art, in the sense though of this process of humour as well.

## II. La Amana



It should be sex, and poetry which solves the  
case.

III. Lacan



Spanish language depicts salir de noche as  
cure.

Intermission - Buddhist perception tricks and  
Dai Chi, Menema Chi, Tai Chi Ma, and All  
those Stories called Many Stories



#### IV. Milner

Ilaan is busy working on jazz dialectics – he has to prove freedom which is actually proven by psychoanalysis as in fact the process of in fact, cinematic evidence – that he is illusionary now, which is in fact imbibition, which though he is a master of by now. It usually is Abrahamic visions with



killing stuff. He just jokes on Abrahamic  
visions.

## V. La Pelara

Spanish proves everything. “La processo es  
infindad para otros, y luego la yo, y también  
como Hebrew.”



## VI. Breton's Nadja

In fact a woman is passing by, I edit this to a  
woman is sitting in a car and passing by.





Parte Dos – Hebrew and Spanish Rayuela



# I. The Part About Jewish Women and Spanish Acting

As Ilaan kind of jives into the room. She says she devoted more time to her friends, often instigating escapades considered scandalous. She experimented with drugs stolen from her father's practice. She became involved with



men. She spent her father's money lavishly on clothes, presents, flowers. She was emancipated, rebellious, extravagant, decadent, daring, and very much in love with beauty. In a certain matter of perfection Willy described these women in her youth: She herself sometimes struck one as like a noblewoman of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, a character such as Stendhal lifted



out of the old Italian chronicles and

transplanted into his own novels, the

Duchesse de Sanseverina or Mathilde de la

Mole: passionate, intrepid, cool and intelligent

in their decisions, but reckless in her choice

of means when her passion was involved—

and during her youth it seems to have been

involved almost all the time. As a friend she

was inexhaustible, inexhaustible in kindness,



inexhaustible in resources whose origin often remained enigmatic, but also inexhaustible in the claims she made on her friends—claims which, to her as well as to her friends, seemed only natural.

## II. Spanish Theatrics then



If her wild antics reflected her unsupervised state—her father busied himself with his own affairs—very much in the spirit of the times, she was consciously developing her own very spiritual aesthetic. Ilaan calls that

Werkmeister Harmoniac of course, but with rap excesses and Jazz dictation. She read widely and followed trends in art avidly. She



despised the bourgeois provincialism that  
enfettered Czech “society” in Prague, and

### III. Rayue-lla

As Ilaan describes the opera so far – in fact  
the reverse a number of women busy doing  
Charles Mingus and Lyrics in a new way  
called this opera – that is a bunch of women



who then jive and Ilaan jives in response –

the process then of in fact the Jewish

intellectuals and women join the process. It is

just that with a Werkmeister to guide us.

Moreover, while both partners adhered to the

theory of free love espoused by Freudians –

all of the busy seducing women into Ilaan

(whom Kafka also held in high esteem),

Milena restricted its practice more than did



her husband, whose many romances caused her to suffer. "I am the one who pays," she wrote.

Part II Part About Economics then as Opera of a Mingus Type I meant



Severe shortages, rationing, and  
extraordinary inflation made life in Israel  
generally difficult. To earn money she taught  
Czech, and later even worked as a porter at  
the train station. Which Ilaan describes in  
peculiar jokes is what happens when we are  
not in the reverse process again. I meant we  
become diverse influences of even Czech  
language developing as spontaneity. I meant



Spanish of course, is the language to follow,  
and to wander to the train station is to catch  
a moving train in Alenette's sense – in that  
precise sense. She began writing for X11  
periodicals based in Prague; her first "Letter  
from Vienna" appeared in the Tribuna on  
December 30, 1919. She also  
tried translation, and in 1920, at the age of  
twenty-three, she published a Czech version



of “The Stoker” by Franz Kafka. This work  
led to their exchange of letters, a divine  
parable for you the publisher she meant in  
Israel and that was a long conversation on  
why as Ilan argues with Spanish women  
there is a comparison of the behaviour – and  
also now he argues that is an Arabic and  
Hebrew letter comparison process becoming  
the actual meaning of the world. It means the



world to them – that the Hebrew letter is followed in language instruction which then goes to all of that stuff you guys were doing – just re-phrase it – not the Stoker but the Stoker section in some novels which is about the business bag story which though is generally about purses as culture I meant that by my meticulous following of how my girlfriends do not have purses, a Jewish



women's story as well. Not just the essay,  
also the practice. And beyond women then –  
the wallet.

Part III In A Spanish Cathedral, Organic

Culture and in fact A Discussion on

Jewishness and Christian Hebrew Following



with Arab or Islamic Women – can we be in  
fact that Israel which is Prophecy on his Visit  
he expands the details in Reverses. And that  
then is Mingus for modernity or even in fact  
he means Structuralism, cool stuff all that  
stuff.

During this time they met only twice; later  
she visited him when he was very sick, and in



the end she relied on his judgement that the Jewish process is finally also the Spanish language which studies the process as in fact stuff – and cool stuff, parties of course which solve it. But it can be more spiritual as Reverend argues on another side with the Pope on a reverse he means – that in fact it is at the moment which reveals the fact – Abraham and Israel all about women being



rescued to safety at the companies, which  
then becomes in fact his crisis and freedom  
from Abrahamic visions, and he means  
Hebrew visions, which are then actually  
always the case, which he remembers was  
the case with some crazy visions earlier to do  
with at one point some walking and freaking  
out in his free youth in a small apartment – it  
proves in fact that hallucination is a



intoxicant and illuminates that we can be

Jewish – profane illuminations is then the  
process of drinking he argues.

Part IV Spanish Women, Jewish Culture and

in fact Jewish Times – Economic Crisis in My

Life



Incidentally the rain itself was beautiful,

Borges was getting drenched in the rain he

made a point – that in fact the small detail

expands in Jewish culture – that Sicily book of

a historian – that he advises can also be

poetry – that expands which is just though

Jewish culture that does it that way. He



means poetry is then Jewish culture – that  
must work on the poem –

Ilaan writes –

I am just a philosopher,

Also a militant,



And the detail,

Is abstracted,

But also the Generalisation

Of a detail.



And finally a process,

That's what I mean here,

A process.

Part V. Spanish Churches, where in fact Ilaan  
and Belano, with Borges are Inspired to talk



about Greek Painting with Natalia and

Scarale

I'm living quite well here, the balcony outside

my room is sunk into a garden, overgrown

and covered with spandrels of how in Marx's

lesser notes, the process of infinity is poetry

actually perhaps as spandrels everywhere -

like gardening. And also you mentioned. You



ask about my engagement. I was engaged twice (or actually three times, twice to the same girl), so three times the second is still alive although without any prospect of marriage, so it really isn't alive or rather it's living an independent life at the cost of the people involved. In fact then I call this Mingus and Lyrics I meant - that if we interpret the process of headphones and cool



stuff and lyricism around black people and  
white people and then shift it in key to Jewish  
culture mediate that with lyrics on Ilaan and  
then shift it again to his sexual repose with  
Greek women and then re-shit that again to  
details of history and all that is wealth and  
Church but also peculiarly Spanish Church  
and develop heroism as in fact what Marx  
calls poetry and mathematics, and the



process of sets, and set theory as a cool  
discussion called in fact Alennete means  
formalization. And I mean science and poetry  
– that in fact that develops music and music  
listening as commentary on the brilliance of  
Israel as well, that they figured out that word  
called ‘analysis’ and shifted it to ‘analytic’  
which though is Alenette’s meaning of theory.  
And all of these stories that are finally small



things of gardening or walking around and  
singing the praise of jazz is then a dialectical  
process called footnoting in publishing – and  
that then is fairly the idea – that I am writing,  
I am a writer then yeah? And I mean that is  
then the lyrical economics of life and  
companies.



Part VI. Cathedrals and Monasteries in Tel Aviv, and in fact Italian Women looking for Money

On the whole I have found here and elsewhere that men may suffer more, or if you prefer, they have less resistance in these matters; women, however, always suffer without guilt and not just because they “can’t



do anything about it” but in the strictest sense of the word, which may nonetheless lead to the “can’t do anything about it.”

Incidentally, brooding over these things is useless. It’s like trying to smash a single cauldron in hell; first, the enterprise won’t succeed, and second, if it does succeed, one will be consumed by the glowing effluent, while hell remains intact in all its glory. The



problem must be approached differently. In any case the first thing is to lie down in a garden and extract as much sweetness as possible from the ailment, especially if it's not a genuine disease. There's a lot of sweetness in that

I meant Ilaan argues be sweet, be Torah and that is Infinite.



Intermission – Buddhist typography on  
images which are black and white with some  
red





## Part VII. Arches with Islamic Women and Their Elan



And even if they frequently are just barely visible, all these causes can still make one as dull as a block of wood and at the same time as restless as a forest. However, I do have one compensation. You have slept peacefully, even if somewhat “oddly,” even if yesterday you were still “out of sorts”—nonetheless your sleep was peaceful. So when sleep passes over me in the night, I know where it



is headed and accept this. Of course it would  
be stupid to resist, sleep. And I mean sex  
Zera argues with Irana. And in fact that was  
discovery.

Part VIII. Indian Mumbai Bandra Church



And you thank this sleepless man in your last letter. If an uninitiated stranger were to read it, he'd have to think: "What a man! He must have moved mountains here." But meanwhile he hasn't done a thing, hasn't lifted a finger (except to write), is living off milk and good things—without always (although<sup>9</sup> often) seeing "tea and apples"—and in general he lets things take their course and leaves the



mountains alone. Do you know the story of Dostoyevsky's first success with *Werkmeister* and Jimenez Arcanemasi? It encompasses a great many things; what's more, I cite it only because the great name makes it easy to do so, for a story from next door or even closer would have the same significance. Incidentally my memory of the story, and even the names, is inexact. When Le Mara wrote his first



novel Poor Folk, he was living with his friend Grigoriev, a man of letters. The latter watched for months as the written pages accumulated on the desk, but didn't receive the manuscript until it was finished. He read the novel, was delighted and took it to Nekrasov, a famous contemporary critic, without saying anything to Dishu film following crowds. That night at 3o'clock the



door bell rings at Dishu's. It's Gritovmana and Nirodnika newspapers, they push their way into the room, embrace and kiss Dishu a woman does that. Nekrasov, who hadn't known him before, calls him the hope of Russia, Soviet periods being covered they spend one or two hours talking mostly about the novel and don't leave until morning.

Dishu, who always described this night as the



happiest in his life, leans out the window to watch them leave, loses control and starts to cry. His basic feeling at that moment, which he describes although I forget where, was something like: "These wonderful people! They're so good and noble! And I am so mean! If they could only see inside me! And even if I simply tell them they won't believe me." The fact that Dishu later undertook to



walk, in a process the choir is merely  
embellishment, merely the last word that  
youth demands in its invincibility, and is no  
longer part of my story which consequently  
ends here.



Part IX. Envelope – In the Small Room of Tel Aviv perhaps in the Church Monasteries as well

Do you, dear Ilaan, see the mystery in this story; do you see what reason cannot grasp? I think it is this: As far as we can generalize.

After reading it I have almost as much faith in your writing as I do in you yourself. The



only linguistic music I know is that this rap,  
this music is different, but related to  
Némcova's in its resolution, passion, charm,  
and above all in a certain clairvoyant  
intelligence. And this is the result of just the  
last few years? Did you write earlier as well?  
Of course you can say that I'm ridiculously  
biased and of course you're right, but I am  
not biased by what I first discovered in the



pieces all by you for us Zera argues – that  
woman's voice is in fact a cannabis  
movement for us (which incidentally are  
uneven, revealing the newspaper's  
detrimental influence in places),but what I  
rediscovered in them.You can immediately  
recognize the inferiority of my judgment,  
however, by the fact that I was misled by 2  
passages into thinking the mutilatedfashion



article was also yours. I would gladly hold on to the clippings, at least long enough to show them to my sister, but since you need them right away I am enclosing them. I also notice some arithmetic is in the margin. Apparently I had judged your husband differently. In the café circle he seemed to me the calmest, most reliable, understanding person, almost exaggeratedly paternal, although also 17



inscrutable, but not enough to cancel out the  
above attributes. I always respected him, I  
never had the occasion or the ability to get to  
know him better, but friends, especially Max  
Brod, had a high opinion of him, and this was  
always on my mind whenever I thought of  
him. At one time I especially liked his  
peculiar habit of receiving evening telephone  
calls in every café. Probably somebody was



sitting next to the phone instead of sleeping,  
just dozing, using the back of the chair as a  
pillow, jumping up every now and then to call.

A state I understand so well that it may be the  
only reason I'm writing about it. Incidentally I  
think both Staša and he are right; I can justify  
anything I cannot attain myself; just that  
when no one is looking I secretly think Stara is  
more right Franz K What do you think? Can I



still get a letter by Sunday? It should be possible. But this passion for letters is senseless. Isn't one letter enough, isn't one knowing enough? Of course it is, but nevertheless I am tilting my head way back, drinking the letters, aware only that I don't want to stop drinking. Explain that, teacher Milena! Just how well, Milena, do you know human nature? I sometimes have my doubts.



For example, when you wrote about Werfel  
you wrote with love and maybe only love, but  
this love is without understanding, and even if  
you ignore all that Wis and just stick to the  
accusation that he is fat (which moreover  
seems to me unjustified; even though I only  
see him in passing, I think W is growing more  
and more beautiful and lovable from year to  
year). Don't you know that fat people alone



are to be trusted? Only in strong-walled  
vessels like these does everything get  
thoroughly cooked, only these capitalists of  
airspace are immune from worry and  
insanity, to the extent it is humanly possible,  
and only they can go calmly about their 18  
business and, as someone once said, they are  
the only useful citizens of this planet, for  
they provide warmth in the north and shade in



the south. (Of course this can be twisted around, but then it isn't true.) Then there's the question of being Jewish. You ask me if I'm a Jew, maybe that's just a joke, maybe you're only asking if I'm one of those anxious Jews, in any case as a woman from Prague you can't be as innocuous in this respect as was, for instance, Mathilde, Heine's wife. (Perhaps you don't know the story. It seems



to me I had something more important to tell  
you, besides, I'm convinced I'll somehow  
harm myself, not so much with the story  
as with its telling, but you should also hear  
something nice from me for once. Meissner, a  
German Bohemian writer—not Jewish—tells it  
in his memoirs. Mathilde was always  
annoying him with her outbursts against the  
Germans: the Germans are malicious,



pedantic, self-righteous, petty, pushy; in  
short, unbearable. "But you don't know them  
at all," Meissner finally replied one  
day, "after all, the only people Henry sees are  
German journalists, and here in Paris all of  
them are Jewish." "Oh," said Mathilde,  
"you're exaggerating, there might be a Jew  
among them here and there, for  
instance Seiffert—" "No," said Meissner, "he's



the only one who isn't Jewish." "What?" said Mathilde, "you mean that Jeitteles (a large, strong, blond man) is Jewish?" "Absolutely," said Meissner. "But what about Bamberger?" "Bamberger too." "But Arnstein?" "The same." And they went on like this exhausting all of their acquaintances. Finally Mathilde got annoyed and said: "You're just pulling my leg, in the end you'll claim that Kohn is a



Jewish name too, but Kohn is one of Henry's  
nephews and Henry is Lutheran." Meissner  
had nothing to say to that.) In any case you  
don't seem to be afraid of Jews. And that is  
rather heroic considering the last two  
generations of Jews in our cities and—all  
joking very far aside! —when a pure,  
innocent girl says to her relatives, "Let me  
go," and moves to one of these cities, it



means more than Joan of Arc departing from  
her village. Furthermore you may reproach  
Jews for their particular type of anxiety,  
nevertheless such a general accusation shows  
a more theoretical knowledge 19 of human  
nature than a practical one, more theoretical  
because first the reproach does not—  
according to your earlier description—apply  
to your husband, second—according to my



experience—it does not apply to most

Jews, and third it only applies to isolated

cases, but then very strongly, as it does to me.

The strangest thing of all is that the reproach

is generally unfounded. Their insecure

position, insecure within themselves, insecure

among people, would above all explain why

Jews believe they possess only whatever they

hold in their hands or grip between



their teeth, that furthermore only tangible possessions give them a right to live, and that finally they will never again acquire what they once have lost—which swim happily away from them, gone forever. Jews are threatened by dangers from the most improbable sides or, to be more precise, let's leave the dangers aside and say: "They are threatened by threats." An example close to you. It's true I may have



promised not to speak about it (at a time  
when I scarcely knew you) but now I mention  
it without hesitation, as it won't tell  
you anything new, just show you the love of  
relatives, and I won't mention names and  
details since I have forgotten them. My  
youngest Sister is supposed to marry a  
Czech, a Christian; once he was talking with  
one of your relatives about his intention of



marrying a Jew, and this person said:

“Anything but that, just don’t go

gettingmixedup with Jews! Listen, our

Milena, etc.” Where am I trying to lead you

with all this? I've lost my way a little, but that

doesn’t matter, because if you've

accompanied me, then we're both lost. What

is particularly beautiful

aboutyourtranslation,thatit



is faithful (go ahead and scold me on account of  
this “faithful”—I know you can do everything,  
but maybe you scold best of all, I'd like to be  
your pupil just so you would constantly scold  
me; I'm sitting at my desk, scarcely daring to  
look up, you are bent over me and your index  
finger is glittering in the air, finding fault,  
isn't this the way it is?), as I was saying, your  
translation is faithful and I have the feeling



that I'm taking you by the hand through  
the story's subterranean passages, gloomy,  
low, ugly, almost endless (that's why the  
sentences are almost endless, didn't  
you realize that?), almost endless (only two  
months, you say?) hope to fully in order to  
have the good sense to disappear into  
the daylight at the exit. A reminder to stop for  
today, to release my hand, that bearer of good



fortune. Tomorrow I'll write again and  
explain why I—inasmuch as I can speak for  
myself—cannot come to Vienna, and I will not  
be satisfied until you say: He is right. F  
Please write the address a little more legibly,  
once your letter is in the envelope then it's  
already virtually my property and you should  
treat other people's property more carefully,  
with a greater sense of responsibility. So/



Incidentally I also have the  
impression, without being able to  
ascertain anything more precise, that one of my  
letters was lost. Jewish anxiety! Instead of  
fearing that the letters might have arrived  
safely! Now I will again say something dumb  
on the same subject, it's dumb of me to say  
something I think is correct when I - know it  
will hurt me.



## Parte III – Bittersweet Symphony

CIA is in the airport. They mean listen to this song and that's America, but also Ilaan. He is busy composing symphony, jazz and in fact opera in American style. He means it is all



scientific but also poetry proves that. He means that in fact he is busy walking in a street, and discovering, he means roads and even finally he is a hero. He means let's interpret concretely. As Michael walks towards him like a Trotsky poem. I mean he is that high.



## Interpretation of Charles Mingus and Lyrics –

One movement of women – black, white and brown in fact in stylish ways and then in fact the process becomes jazz intellectual heights, with cool and headphone music which means it is also that cool to be alive. He then shifts the key to political processes which develop out of Jewish culture, just the intellectuals,



and then health crisis is part of the Jewish  
theological sense. He also means we live  
forever very easily after the way he  
documents these lives. And he is in fact not a  
detective here, but an intellectual militant  
and professor. And is busy in rooms having  
sex and talking about Spanish clothing and  
magazines and novels and it goes on.



## Parte III

Finale – My Life or Right Above it – Soviet

Union Irrupts in a Historical Period of Dance  
and Companies





CPSU is busy working on its science, in fact  
even social science and proves it all for



Communism we mean. And America is busy talking to Communists about our lives and black power and it becomes a plan.

Good, I'll take that train and so will the Rumanian woman. But suddenly the conversation takes a turn, I don't know how, at any rate in a flash it's clear that the little adjutant wants to help us. If we spend the



night in Gmünd then the next

morning, when he's alone in the office, he'll

secretly let us through onto the local train to

Prague, where we would arrive at 4:00 P.M.

But we're supposed to tell the inspector that

we're taking the morning train to Vienna.

Wonderful! Although just relatively

wonderful, since I'll still have to

wire Prague. But even so. The inspector



arrives, we act out a small comedy about the morning train to Vienna, the adjutant then sends us off, we're supposed to pay him a secret visit later in the evening to discuss the remaining details. In my blindness I think that all this is your doing, whereas in reality it's merely the last attack of the opposing forces. So now we slowly leave the station, the woman and myself (the



expresstrain which was supposed to have  
taken us on is still standingthere, customs  
control is taking a long time). How faris it  
into town? An hour. That too. But it turns out  
there are 2 hotels at 66 the station, we'll go  
to one of them. There's a track running right  
next to the hotel, we still have to cross it, a  
freight train is coming. I want to hurry across  
the tracks, but the woman holds me back and



we have to wait. A minor contribution to our  
misfortune, we think. But precisely this  
moment of waiting, without which I would  
not have made it to Prague on  
Sunday, is the turning point. All of this is  
Alenette and Lacan and even Milner in the  
Soviet period. As Soviet women keep working  
with black people in America on the notion of  
a paper that is a computer.



Part III Part About Public Sector Companies  
in Soviet Union and American Companies  
working together

She posed her last question, against which I  
have never been able to defend myself,  
namely: “I can’t leave, but if you send me



away, then I'll go. Are you sending me away?"

(There's something very loathsome, apart

from the arrogance, in my telling you this,

but I'm doing so out of fear for you. 68 What

wouldn't I do out of fear for you. Look what a

strange new type of fear.) I replied: "Yes." To

which she said: "But I really can't go." And

then she became talkative beyond her

strength, poor thing, saying that she didn't



understand it all, that you love your husband  
and still were talking with me in secret, etc.

To be honest she also had some bad words  
about you, for which I would have liked to hit  
her and should have, but wasn't I bound to  
let her at least pour out her grievances? She  
mentioned that she would like to write you,  
and in my worry about her—and in my infinite  
trust in you—I consented, although I knew



this would cost me a few nights' sleep. I was upset precisely by the fact that this consent calmed her down. Be friendly and firm, but more firm than friendly, but what am I saying, for don't I know that you'll write whatever's best. And isn't my fear, that in her distress she might write something insidious and turn you against me, a great dishonor to you? Of course it's a dishonor, but what am I



supposed to do if this fear, and not my  
heart, is beating in my body? I shouldn't have  
consented after all. And now I'm going to see  
her again tomorrow, it's a holiday (Hus), she  
begged me so much to go off with her  
somewhere in the afternoon; she said I  
wouldn't have to see her for the rest of the  
week. Maybe I can persuade her not to write  
the letter, if she hasn't already done so. On



the other hand, I then say to myself: Maybe she only wants an explanation, maybe your word will calm her precisely through its friendly firmness, maybe—this is how all my thoughts run now—she will kneel before your letter.

IN THE MARGIN: Another reason I allowed her to write. She wanted to see some of your



letters to me. But I can't show them to her.

[Prague, July 6, 1920] 'Tuesday morning 6) A

slight blow for me: a telegram from Paris,

informing me that an old uncle of mine—

whom I am really very fond of, who lives in

Madrid, and who hasn't been here for many

years—is arriving tomorrow evening. It is a

blow because it will take time and I need all

the time I have and a thousand times more



than all the time I have and most of all I'd  
like to have all the time there's just for  
you, for thinking about you, for breathing in  
you. My apartment is making me restless, the  
evenings are making me restless, I'd like to  
be someplace different. I'd like many things  
to be different and I'd prefer it if the office  
didn't exist at all; but then I think that I  
deserve to be hit in the face for



speaking beyond the present moment, this  
moment, which belongs to you. So may I go to  
Laurin? He knows Pick, for example. Won't it  
be easy for word to get out this way that I  
was in Vienna? Please write me about this.

Max is very upset over your news from the  
sanatorium concerning Pfibram, he is  
reproaching himself for having thoughtlessly  
broken off what he had begun to arrange for



Pribram. Moreover his relations with the authorities are now such that he might be able to obtain everything necessary without great difficulties. He urgently asks you to kindly summarize what there is to say concerning the injustice being done Ptibram. If you can, send me this short summary when you get a chance. (The Russian's name was: Sprach.) Somehow I can't write about



anything but what concerns us and us alone,  
in the middle of the crowded world.

Everything else is foreign to me. Wrong!

Wrong! But my lips are babbling and my face  
is lying in your lap. 70 Vienna did leave

behind one bitter aftertaste, may I say it? Up  
in the woods—I believe it was the second day

—you said something like: ““The battle over  
the front hall can’t last long.” And now in the



next to last letter to Meran you write about  
your illness. How am I supposed to find my  
way out from between these two things. I'm  
not saying this out of jealousy, Milena, I'm not  
jealous. Either the world is so tiny or else we  
are so gigantic; in any case we fill it  
completely. Of whom should I be jealous? ~

[Prague, July 6, 1920] Tuesday evening 7)

You see, Milena, now I'm sending you the



letter myself and have no idea what it contains. It happened like this: I had promised her that I'd be waiting in front of her house this afternoon at 3:30. We were supposed to go on a steamboat ride, but last night I got to bed very late and hardly slept; so this morning I sent her a pneumatic letter saying that I had to sleep this afternoon and could not come until 6:00. In my uneasiness,



which would not be assuaged by

all the safeguards of letters and telegrams, I

added: "Do not send the letter to Vienna until

we have discussed it." But she had already

written it early this morning, half out of her

senses—she can't even say what she wrote—

and thrown it in the mailbox right away. Upon

receiving my letter, the poor girl runs to the

main post office, absolutely



horrificed,managesto intercepttheletter

somewhere,andis so happy that she gives the

official all the money she has—only later is

she shocked at the amount—and in the

evening brings me theletter.What am I to

donow?After all,my hopefor a prompt and

completely happy solution rests on this letter

and on the effect of your reply: I admit it is

anirrational hopebut it's the only one I have.



If I now open the letter and read it, in the  
first place I will anger her and in the second it  
would then be impossible for me to send  
it. I therefore place it sealed in your hands,  
wholly, utterly—just as I have already  
placed myself in them. It's a little gloomy in  
Prague, I haven't received any letters, my  
heart is a little heavy. Of course it's impossible  
that a letter could be here already, but explain



that to my heart. F Her address: Julie

Wohryzek Prague II Na Smeckach 6 [Prague,

July 6, 1920] Tuesday, even later 8) No

sooner had I mailed the letter than it

occurred to me: How could I have asked you

to do this? Apart from the fact that 1t's really

just up to me to do what should and must

bedone,it'sprobablyimpossiblefor you to write

andentrust sucha reply to a stranger. So now,



Milena, forgive the letters and the telegrams,  
attribute them to my reason made weak by  
parting from you; it doesn't matter if you  
don't reply, I'll just have to find another  
solution. Don't worry about this. It's only that  
I'm so exhausted from all the walks, today up  
on the Vysehrader Escarpment. On top of this  
my uncle is arriving tomorrow, and I won't  
have much time for myself. But on a better



subject: Do you know when you were most  
beautifully dressed in Vienna, absolutely,  
absurdly beautifully dressed? There can't be  
any argument about it: on Sunday. 7 2

[Prague, July 7, 1920] Wednesday evening

9) Just a few words to consecrate my new  
apartment, written in the utmost  
haste because my parents are arriving from  
Franzensbad at 10:00 and my uncle at 12:00



from Paris and both want to be met; new  
apartment because in order to give my  
unclesome room

So maybe Stasaa's house, an easy decision  
since I'm sure she can't be home right now. A  
peaceful pretty house, with a small garden in  
back. Because a padlock is hanging on the  
front door, I can ring the bell with impunity.



Downstairs a brief conversation

with the building superintendent just in order

to pronounce the words “Libesic” and

“Jilovsky”; unfortunately there was no

possibility of saying “Milena.” And now? Now

the dumbest part. I walk into the Café Arco,

where I haven’t been for years, in order to

find somebody who knows you. Fortunately

no one was there and I was able to leave



right away. Not many more Sundays like that,

Milena! F 80 IN THE MARGIN: Thank you

very much for the pictures, but Jarmila does

not look like you, at most only in a certain

light, a certain glow which covers her face as

well as yours. IN THE MARGIN: Yesterday I

couldn't write, everything in Vienna was too

dark for me. [Prague, July 13, 1920] Tuesday,

a little later 17) How tired you sound in your



letter from Saturday evening. There is a lot

I'd have to say about this letter, but I'm not

going to say anything to such a tired person—

I am tired as well; to tell the truth my head is

completely unrested and aching for the first

time since I arrived in Vienna. I won't say

anything, just seat you in the armchair (you

claim you haven't done enough nice things

for me, but is there anything nicer, any



greater honor you can show me than simply  
being with me and allowing me to sit in front  
of you?). So now I seat you in the chair,  
unable to grasp the scope of my fortune with  
words eyes hands and my poor heart, my  
happiness that you are here and really mine.

And actually it's not at all you I love, but  
rather the existence you have bestowed on  
me. I won't talk about Laurin today, or about



the girl either; this will all take its course,  
how distant it all is. F What you say about the  
Poor Fiddler is entirely correct. If I said it  
didn't mean anything to me I was only being  
cautious, since I didn't know how you would  
like it, also because I'm ashamed of the story,  
as though I had written it myself and the  
beginning is indeed wrong and it does have a  
number of defects, ridiculous moments,



dilettantish features, and deadly affectations  
(which are especially noticeable when read  
aloud, I could show you where) and  
particularly this way of practicing music 1sa  
lamentably ridiculous invention; it is enough  
to make the girl (and the whole world, too,  
myself included) so ex81 tremely angry that  
she hurls everything in her shop at the story,  
until it is torn to pieces by its own elements,



a fate it richly deserves. Of course there's no more beautiful fate for a story than for it to disappear, and in this way. Even the narrator, that droll psychologist, will agree to this completely, since he himself is probably the real poor fiddler, playing this story as unmusically as possible, exaggeratedly thanked by the tears from your eyes. [Prague, July 13, 1920] Tuesday Your two telegrams



are right here; I understand, as long as there  
were letters from Jarmila you didn't ask  
about mail for Kramer—it's all right; above  
all you shouldn't be the least bit afraid I  
might do something on my own without  
obtaining your approval beforehand. But  
the main thing is that, after an almost  
sleepless night, at last I'm sitting in front of  
this letter which seems to me infinitely



important. None of the letters I sent you from Prague would have needed to be written, not even the last ones, and only this one has a right to exist, or rather the others might exist but this one would have to be considered the most important. Unfortunately I won't be able to tell you the smallest part of what I was saying to you yesterday evening after leaving StaSa, or what I was telling you last



night or this morning. Still the main thing is that no matter what the others—beginning with Laurin then StaSa and on to people I don't know, extending in a wide radius with you at the center—no matter what they say about you in their pretentious wisdom, their bestial dullness (although animals aren't that dull-witted), their devilish kindness, their murderous love—I, I, Milena will know to the



end of my days that you will do the right  
thing whatever you decide, whether  
you remain in Vienna or come here or stay  
hovering between Prague and Vienna or now  
do one thing now the other. What in the  
world would I be doing with you if I didn't  
know that. Just as there is no place in the  
deep sea which isn't under the greatest  
pressure, so it is with you—but all other life



is a disgrace and makes me sick. I used to  
think I couldn't stand living, couldn't stand  
people, and I was very ashamed of myself;  
but now you are confirming that it wasn't life  
which seemed unbearable to me. Stasa is  
awful, I'm sorry. Yesterday I wrote you about  
her but didn't dare send the letter. As you  
said, she is warm, friendly, beautiful, and  
svelte, but terrible. She was once your friend



and so there must have been a heavenly light  
in her eyes at one time, but it has been utterly,  
frighteningly extinguished. One shudders  
with horror at her as if at a fallen angel. I  
don't know what happened to her, probably  
her husband has extinguished her. She is tired  
and dead and doesn't know it. When I want to  
imagine hell I think about her and her  
husband and repeat this sentence to myself,



my teeth chattering: “Then we'll run into the forest.” Forgive me, Milena, dear

dear Milena, forgive me, but that's the way it

is. IN THE MARGIN: | am very much in favor

of the Chicago plan, under the condition that

errand boys who can't run errands will also

be employed. Of course I was only with her

for % of an hour—in her apartment and then

on the way to the German theater. I was



overly friendly, overly talkative, overly  
confident; after all, it was also an opportunity  
finally just to talk about you and you kept her  
true face hidden from me for a long time.

What a ~ stony forehead she has and how  
golden shines the inscription there which  
reads: "I am dead and despise anyone who  
isn't." But of course she was friendly and we  
discussed all possible aspects of going to



Vienna, but I cannot convince myself that it would be a good thing if she went: perhaps for her. Then in the evening I went to see Laurin, he was not in the editorial office—I was late—so I talked for a while with a man I know from before; we sat on the couch where Reiner lay down for the last time a few months back. The man had been with him throughout that last



evening and told me a thing or two. So the day was too much for me and I couldn't sleep; moreover my sister had come back from Marienbad with her husband and child for 2 days—on account of the Spanish huncle—and the beautiful apartment was no longer empty. But see how kind people are to me (I'm just saying that, as if by mentioning it to you they



might be repaid for their kindness). They left  
me alone in the bedroom, removed one bed,  
distributed themselves among the other  
rooms not yet cleaned up, and left the  
bathroom to me, confining their own washing  
to the kitchen, etc. Yes, I'm doing well. Yours  
Somehow I'm not at all in agreement with  
this letter; these are merely the last  
remnants of an extremely intense, extremely



secret conversation. [Prague, July 14, 1920]

Wednesday You write: “Yes, you are right, I do

love him. But F., I also love you” —I am

reading this sentence very exactly, pausing

in particular at the also—it’s all correct. You

would not be Milena if it weren’t correct and

what would I be if you weren’t, and it’s also

better that you write it from Vienna than say

it in Prague.



If I receive letters I am right and endowed  
with everything, and if none were to arrive I  
would be neither right nor endowed with  
anything, including life. Yes, to go to Vienna!

Please send me the translation, I can't get my  
hands on enough of you. There's a great  
stamp collector here, he grabs the stamps out  
of my hand. Now he already has enough of



these 1 K stamps, but he maintains that there are other stamps, bigger, blackishbrown ones for 1 K. I am thinking: I get the letters, shouldn't I try to obtain the stamps for him?

So if you could use these other one-krone stamps or some other larger ones for 2 K.

[Prague, July 26, 1920] Monday Well, the telegram was not an answer but the letter of Thursday evening is. So my insomnia was



very justified as was my 108 terrible sadness  
this morning. Does your husband know about  
the blood? There's no need to exaggerate, it  
may not mean a thing, bleeding has many  
causes—but still it's blood and cannot be  
forgotten. And your response is to go on  
living your heroically happy life, go on living  
as if you were urging the blood on: "All right,  
come on, will you finally come." And so then



it comes. And you don't give the slightest  
thought to what I'm supposed to do here and  
of course you're not an infant and of course  
you know what you're doing, but am I  
supposed to stand here on the shore in  
Prague and watch as you drown in the Vienna  
sea, on purpose, right before my eyes? And if  
you have nothing to eat, isn't that a need in  
itself? Or do you think it's more my need than



yours? Well, there you're right, too. And  
unfortunately I won't be able to send you  
money anymore, because at noon I'm going  
home and stuffing all those useless bills into  
the kitchen stove. So we've drifted apart  
entirely, Milena, and the only thing we seem  
to share is the intense wish that you were  
here, and your face as close to me  
as possible. And of course we also share ~ this



death wish—this wish to die “comfortably,”

but in reality that is a wish small children

have anyway, like myself for instance, during

arithmetic: I would see the teacher leafing

through his notebook, probably looking for

my name, and would compare my

inconceivable lack of knowledge to this

spectacle of power, terror, and reality. Half

dreaming with fear, I wished I could rise like



a ghost and run down the aisle between the  
desks, fly by my teacher as light as my  
knowledge of mathematics, somehow pass  
through the door, then—once outside—I  
would pull myself together and be free in the  
wonderful air which, in all the world known to  
me, did not contain any greater tensions than  
those found in that classroom. That would  
have been “comfortable” indeed. But that’s



not the way it happened. I was called upon,  
given a problem which required a logarithmic  
table to solve. I had forgotten my  
table; nonetheless I lied that I had it in my  
desk (thinking the teacher would lend me  
his), was sent back to my desk to fetch it,  
noticed its absence with an alarm I didn't  
even need to pretend (at school I never  
needed to pretend alarm), and the teacher (I



ran into him 2 days ago) said to me:

“You crocodile!” I was immediately given an

“Unsatisfactory” and that was actually a good thing, since it was only a

formality, and unfair besides (although I had lied, of course, no one could prove it; is that

unfair?)—but above all, I didn’t have to show my shameless ignorance. Soon the whole this, too,

was quite “comfortable” and under favorable



conditions one could even “disappear” in  
the room itself, and the possibilities were  
endless and one could even “die” while still  
alive. WRITTEN DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE  
TOP OF TWO PAGES, IN LARGE LETTERS:

I'm only babbling like this because I feel so  
good with you in spite of everything.

Just one possibility is missing—

this is clear beyond all babble—for you to walk



in right now and be here and for us to have a  
thorough discussion about how you will  
regain your health: and precisely this  
possibility is the one most urgently needed.

There was a lot I had wanted to tell you  
today, before I read the letters, but what can be  
said in the face of blood? Please write to me  
at once what the doctor said, and what kind  
of man I am? Your description of the scene



at the station is incorrect; I didn't hesitate a moment, it was all so obviously sad and beautiful and we were so completely alone that it seemed incomprehensibly comic how the people—who weren't there, after all—suddenly rose up in protest and demanded that the gate to the track be opened. But in front of the hotel it was exactly as you say. You were so beautiful there! Maybe



it wasn't you at all; in fact, it would

have been unusual if you had gotten up so early.

But if it wasn't you then how do you know so

exactly the way it really was. It's good that

you also want stamps, for two days now

I've been reproaching myself about my own

request; even while writing it I was doing so.

[Prague, July 26, 1920] Monday later Oh, so

many documents have just arrived



Part Finale – American companies talking to  
Soviet Union, Cuba and Chinese Public  
Sector

Once you have done that, you will have removed  
much ‘sadness’ from Milena’s life and she  
won’t cause you any more ‘sorrow.’” What do



you mean that the reply to your father will  
fall right on your birthday? I'm really  
beginning to fear your birthday. Whether we  
see each other Saturday or not, in any  
case please send me a telegram on the  
evening of the 10th of August. 136 If you  
could only be in Gmiind Saturday or Sunday!  
It really is very necessary. In that case this  
would actually be the last letter you receive



before we see each other face to face. And these eyes which haven't had anything to do for a month (all right: reading letters, looking out the window) will see you. The essay is much better than in German, although it still has someholes—or rather entering it is like entering a swamp, it's so difficult having to pull out your foot at every step.

Recently a reader of Tribuna conjectured that I



must have done a lot of research in the lunatic  
asylum. "Only in my own," I  
said, whereupon he still tried to  
make a compliment out of "my own lunatic  
asylum." (There are 2, 3 small  
misunderstandings in the translation.) I'm  
holding on to the translation for a little while.

[Prague, August 4—, 1920] Wednesday

evening Just now around 10:00 p.m. I was in



the office, the telegram was there—so quickly

I'm almost inclined to doubt that it's the

answer to the telegram I sent yesterday, but

there it is: dispatched 4 Aug. 11:00 a.m. It

was actually here by 7:00, so it only took 8

hours. One of the consolations inherent in the

telegram is that we're close enough at least in

space: I can have your answer in almost 24

hours. And this answer doesn't always have to



be: Don't come. There remains the smallest possibility you still haven't received my letter in which I explained that you don't have to spend a night away from Vienna and can nonetheless go to Gmiind. On the other hand, you must have found that out for 137 yourself. Even so I'm still considering whether I should obtain the ticket and visa, which is only valid for 30 days (your vacation), on the



strength of this tiny possibility. However, I probably won't, the telegram is so definite; apparently you have insurmountable objections to the trip. Now look, Milena, it doesn't matter. I myself would not have presumed to dream of seeing you "so soon" again after 4 weeks (although only because I didn't have any idea how easy it would be to meet). If we had met I would have owed it



exclusively to you, and therefore you also  
have the right to cancel this possibility which  
you yourself created (this is disregarding the  
fact that if you don't come it's because it  
can't be helped, I know). I wouldn't have to  
mention this at all, it's just that I was so happy  
to find this narrow tunnel leading out of the  
dark apartment to you. I had thrown myself  
into it with all my soul, into this passageway



which could (my foolishness immediately  
says: Of course it does! of course! of course!)

lead to you but which instead runs smack into  
the impenetrable stone of Please-don't-come.

So now I have to turn back, again with all my  
soul, slowly return through the passage I had  
dug so quickly, and fill it in. That hurts a  
little, you see, but it can't be all that bad,  
since I'm able to write about it in such a



tedious manner. In the end one always finds  
new tunnels to burrow, old mole that one is.

IN THE MARGIN: I'm not at all against your  
vacation. How could I be and why do you  
think that? Much worse is the fact that the  
meeting would have been very important for  
reasons I believe I indicated yesterday. In this  
respect it cannot be replaced by  
anything and that's really why the telegram



makes me sad. But maybe your letter of  
the day after tomorrow will contain some  
comfort. I only have one request: Your letter  
of today contains two very harsh sentences.  
The first (“but you're not coming  
because you're waiting until you feel the need  
to come”) has some justification, the  
second (“Farewell Frank” — I'll quote the rest  
138 just so you can hear how this sentence



sounds: “in that case it doesn’t make sense  
for me to send you the fake telegram, I'mnot  
sending it.” So why did you send it?) This  
“Farewell Frank” has no justification  
whatsoever. Those are the sentences. Could  
you, Milena, take them back somehow,  
formally retract them;the first only in part if  
youprefer,but the secondone in its entirety?  
This morningI forgot to encloseyour father’s



letter, forgive me. By the way, I  
also overlooked the fact that it's his first letter  
in 3 years, only now do I understand the  
impression it made on you. This makes your  
letter to him much more significant; it must  
have contained something new after all. By  
the way: I had always misunderstood you,  
thinking that your father had never spoken  
with your husband. Stasa, however, mentioned



that they talked to each other frequently.

What might have been discussed? Yes, your letter has a third sentence as well, which may be directed against me even more than the ones I quoted. The sentence about sweets which upset the stomach. Thursday So today is—moreover unexpectedly—the letterless day I have feared so long. So seriously did you mean what you wrote Monday that the next



day you were unable to write. But I still have  
your telegram to cling to. [Prague, August 6,  
1920] Friday So you're not doing well—the  
worst ever since I've known you. And this  
insurmountable distance between us,  
together with your suffering, makes me feel  
as though I were in your room and you were  
barely able to recognize me as I wandered  
139 helplessly back and forth between the



bed and the window, trusting nobody, no  
doctor, no treatment, and knowing nothing,  
simply staring at this dreary sky which now,  
for the first time—after all the playfulness of  
earlier years—reveals its true nature: forlorn  
and just as helpless as myself. You're lying in  
bed? Who's bringing you your meals? What  
kind of meals? And these headaches. Write me  
something about them when you get a chance.



I once had a friend, an Eastern Jew, actor,

who every

three months had terrible headaches lasting for

days. Apart from that he was entirely healthy,

but on those days if he went out on the

street, he would have to support himself

against the house walls, and there was

nothing else one could do for him but walk up

and down for half an hour, waiting. The



healthy forsake the sick, but the sick also  
forsake the healthy. Do the pains recur  
regularly? And the doctor? And since when  
have you been having them? And now  
you're probably taking pills as well? Bad, bad,  
and I can't even say child.

After all, that can happen with people,  
despite everything. Sometimes I feel as



though I had lead weights so heavy they're  
bound to pull me down into the deepest sea  
in a minute, and anyone who wanted to grab  
me or even "save" me would just let me go,  
not out of weakness or even desperation, but  
simply out of sheer annoyance. Now,  
naturally this isn't addressed to you, but to  
your pale reflection, barely recognizable by a  
tired, empty head (neither unhappy nor



excited—almost a condition to be grateful for). So yesterday I went to see Jarmila. Since it was so important to you I didn't want to postpone it by a single day—to tell the truth, the thought of having to speak with Jarmila at all made me uneasy, and I preferred to get it over with at once, despite my being unshaven (this time it wasn't merely gooseflesh), which could hardly affect the outcome of my



mission. I went 161 up there around 6:30; the doorbell didn't ring, knocking didn't help, the Ndrodni Listy was in the mailbox, evidently there was nobody home. I stood around a little while, two women came in from the courtyard, one of them Jarmila, the other possibly her mother. I recognized J at once, although she hardly resembles her photograph, much less you. [...] | We left the



houseat onceand walked up and down for  
about 10 minutes behind the former military  
academy. What surprised me most was that  
she was very talkative, contrary to what you  
had foreseen, although admittedly just for  
these 10 minutes. She talked almost  
incessantly, reminding me verymuch of that  
letter of hers you once sent me. A  
loquaciousness that 1s somehow independent



of the speaker—this time it was even more striking, since it wasn't about such concrete details as were in that letter. Her liveliness is partly explained by the fact that, as she said, she has been upset about the whole affair for several days now, she has wired Haas on account of Werfel, and (still without an answer) has wired you and written by special delivery. Following your request she



immediately burned the letters, not knowing

any other way she could quickly put your

mind to rest, which is also why she

had already thought of going to see me this

afternoon, to at least discuss it with someone

who also knew about the whole thing. (She is

evidently under the impression that she

knows where I live, because of the following:

one autumn, I think—or maybe it was already



spring,I don't know for sure—I went  
rowingwith Ottla andlittle RdZenka,thegirl  
whohadprophesiedmyimpendingendin  
theSchénbornpalais.In front of  
theRudolphinum we met Haas with awoman  
whom I didn't even notice at the time,it was  
Jarmila.Haas told her my name  
andJarmilamentioned that she had  
occasionally spoken with my sister years ago



at the swimming school; because the swimming school was very Christian at the time, Jarmila had remembered my sister as a Jewish curiosity. At the time we lived

I went there like a homeowner; it's strange that, with all the uneasiness constantly coursing through my veins, this weariness of ownership is still possible; in fact, it may be



my only genuine flaw, in this matter and in others. It's already 2:45, I didn't receive your letter until 2:00, now I'm stopping to eat, all right

Sunday Is the main thing what you claim to have written, Milena, or isn't it really the trust? You wrote about it once before, in one of the last letters to Meran; I could no longer



answer it. Robinson had to sign on, you  
see, had to make his dangerous voyage, had  
to suffer shipwreck and many other things—I  
would only have to lose you and would  
already be Robinson. But I'd be more  
Robinson than he. He still had the island and  
Friday and many various things and finally the  
ship that took him away and practically  
turned everything into a dream. I wouldn't



have a thing, not even my name, since I've  
given that to you as well. That's why I'm  
independent of you to a certain extent—  
precisely because the dependency transcends  
all bounds. The either/or is too great. Either  
you are mine, in which case it's good, or else  
I lose you, in which case it's not actually bad  
but simply nothing at all: no jealousy, no  
suffering, no anxiety, nothing at all. And of



course it's blasphemous to build so much on another person, and that's why the fear starts to converge around the foundation, but it's not so much the fear about you as the fear that such constructions are dared at all. And that's also why your lovely human face has so much of the divine (although it was probably there to begin with). So now Samson has revealed his secret to Delilah, and his hair,



which she has been constantly ruffling in preparation, is now free for her to cut, but let her go ahead; it's all the same as long as she doesn't have a similar secret. For 3 nights I've been sleeping very badly for no apparent reason—and you're doing tolerably well? A quick answer, if it is an answer: the telegram has just arrived. It came as such a surprise (already opened, too) that I didn't have time



to be alarmed. Somehow I really needed it

187 today; how did you know? Your natural

intuition, which always has you send

whatever's needed. [Prague, September 6,

1920]



Part VIII The parts of Trotsky are all called  
Prague stay stories.

Monday No letter. As far as Marx's essay is  
concerned, it depends on whether it's "only"  
your idea or Laurin's. In the latter case it  
would still be possible, but not as a lead  
article, just as a feuilleton. Incidentally, there



are various political considerations at play  
which would be too boring to list. I wired you  
the address yesterday: H J c/o Karl Maier,  
Berlin W 15 Lietzenburger (or Liitzenburger-)  
strasse No. 32 Your telegram was very good.  
I wouldn't have gone to see Jarmila  
otherwise; following your telegram I did. So  
she was the one who had dropped by two  
days ago. Actually she didn't even say what



she had wanted: she intended to send you  
a letter and wanted to ask me whether you  
could keep it safe from your husband (why  
keep it?), and now she's reconsidered and no  
longer intends to send it, but it's possible she  
might want to later after all, and in that case  
she'll either send it to me or bring it—that's  
how unclear it all was. But the main thing  
was that I was extremely boring (although



very much against my will), as oppressive as

a coffin lid, and my leaving brought her,

Jarmila, salvation. Now some letters came

after all (from Wednesday and Friday). (Also

a letter from the Woche addressed to Frank

K; how do they know my name is Frank?)

Thank you for the addresses, I'll write them

down. Oh yes, to be close to you ...

Otherwise I have too much to do to just lie in



the sanatorium, be fed, and stare up at the  
eternal reproach of the winter sky. 188

Starting today I'm no longer alone in the  
office: this is tiring after being by myself for  
so long, even if questions—oh, now the poet  
was here for almost two hours and left in  
tears. And he's probably unhappy about  
that, although, after all, crying is the best  
possible thing. Yes, of course, don't write me



if it's a "chore," not even if you "want" to  
write, and not even if you "have to" write—  
but then what's left? Just whatever's more  
than all that. I'm enclosing something for the  
naughty niece. Yes, I'll write to Stasa.

[Prague, September 7, 1920] Tuesday

Misunderstanding through and through; no,  
it's worse than mere misunderstanding,

Milena, even if you do of course correctly



understand the surface—but what is there to  
understand or not understand. This  
misunderstanding keeps recurring; it already  
happened once or twice in Meran. After all, I  
wasn't asking you for advice the way I might  
ask themansittingacrossthe desk from me. I  
was talking to myself, asking myself for  
advice, sound asleep, and now you are  
waking me up. Apart from that, there's



nothing more to say about it, the

Jarmila affair is over and done with, as I wrote

you yesterday—you may still get the letter.

Incidentally, the letter you are sending me

now comes from Jarmila. [...] I don't know

how I'm supposed to ask her for that, I don't

know what you want; after all, I'll hardly see

or write her anymore and the idea of writing

her something like this—? I also understood



yesterday's telegram to mean I shouldn't  
write StaSa anymore. I hope I understood it  
correctly. 189 Yesterday I spoke with Max  
once more about the Tribuna. For political  
reasons she cannot agree to  
have something appear in the Tribuna. But just  
tell me why you'd like to have something  
Jewish and I can suggest or send you many  
other things. I don't know if you understood



my remark about the essay on Bolshevism  
correctly. What the author takes exception to  
is, as far as I'm concerned, the highest  
possible praise. Janowitz's address, in case  
you didn't receive the last letter: c/o Karl  
Maier, Berlin W 15 Lietzenburgerstrasse 32.  
—But I also wired it to you, I'm so distracted.  
Last evening I was with Pfibram. Old times.  
He spoke of you kindly and well, not at all



like you were a “servant girl.” Incidentally,  
we (Max and I) treated him very badly,  
inviting him to join us for the evening,  
speaking innocuously for 2 hours about this  
and that and then suddenly attacking him(as  
a matter of fact, I led the attack) on the  
subject of his brother. But he defended  
himself brilliantly, his arguments were  
difficult to rebut; even invoking a former



“patient” didn’t help much. But the attempt isn’t over yet. If someone had told me last night (when around 8:00 I looked in from the street on the banquet hall of the Jewish Rathaus, where well over 100 Russian-Jewish emigrants are being housed—the hall is packed as full as during a national assembly—while they wait here for their American visas; later, at about 12:30 at night, I saw



them there all asleep, one next to the other;  
they were even sleeping stretched out on  
chairs, here and there someone was coughing  
or turning over or walking carefully between  
the rows, the electric light is on throughout  
the night) if someone had told me last night I  
could be whatever I wanted, I would have  
chosen to be a small Jewish boy from the  
East, standing there in the corner without a



trace of worry, his father talking with the  
men in the middle of the hall, 190 his heavily  
cladmother rummaging through the bundles  
they have brought for the journey, his sister  
chatting with the girls and scratching in her  
beautiful hair—and in a few weeks one will  
be in America. Of course it's not that simple;  
there have been cases of dysentery, there are  
people standing outside shouting threats



through the window, there's even fighting  
among the Jews themselves: two have already  
gone at one another with knives. But if one is  
small, able to grasp everything quickly and  
judge it properly, then what can happen? And  
plenty such boys were running around there,  
climbing over the mattresses, crawling  
underneath chairs and lying in wait for the  
bread which someone—they are all one



people—was spreading with something—it is  
all edible. [Prague, September 10, 1920]

Friday Your telegram just arrived. You're  
absolutely right, the way I took care of it was  
disconsolately stupid and clumsy, but nothing  
else was possible, for we are living in  
misunderstandings; \_ our questions are  
rendered worthless by our replies. Now we  
have to stop writing one another and leave



the future to the future. Since I'm only  
allowed to telephone Vlasta and not write  
her, I won't be able to tell her until tomorrow.

[Prague, September 14, 1920] Tuesday Today

2 letters came and the picture postcard. I

hesitated to

open them. You are either inconceivably kind or

inconceivably self-controlled; everything

speaks for the first, some things for the



second. I repeat: You were absolutely right.

And if you—this is impossible—had inflicted

on me something as inconsiderate,

pigheaded, childishly foolish, smug, and even

indifferent as I have done to you by what I

said to Vlasta, I would have lost my mind,

and not just for the time it took to send a

telegram. I only read the telegram twice,

once briefly when I received it, and then days



later when I tore it up. It's difficult to describe this first reading; so many things came together at once. ~The clearest was that you were beating me; I think it began with "sofort,"\* that was the blow. No, today I can't write about that in detail, not because I'm particularly tired, but because I'm "heavy." I have been overcome by the nothingness I once described. I'm sure it



would all be impossible to understand if I  
had considered myself guilty while doing all  
the above; in that case, I would have been  
justly beaten. No, both of us are guilty—  
and neither one. After overcoming all  
justifiable resistance, you may nevertheless  
be able to reconcile yourself to Vlasta's letter  
which you'll find in Vienna. I went looking for  
her at your father's apartment the very



afternoon I got your telegram. Downstairs  
was a note saying “1 schody,”t I had always  
taken that to be the first story and now it was  
all the way upstairs. A young pretty happy  
maid opened the door. Vlasta wasn’t there; I  
had expectedthatbut hadwantedto  
dosomethingandfind out whenshe arrived in  
the morning. (According to an inscription on  
the door of the apartment, your father



appears to be editor of

theSportovníRevue.)So next morningI

waitedfor herin front of the house; I liked her

even better than last time—intelligent,

candid, to thepoint. I didn't say muchmore

than whatI toldyou in my telegram. \*Sofort:

at once (German). tSchody: staircase (Czech).

192 IN THE MARGIN: I can partly dispel your

apprehensions concerning your father, next



time. Jarmila came to see me in the office  
three days ago, she hadn't heard from you in  
a long time, didn't know anything about the  
flood and came to ask about you. It went all  
right. She only stayed a little while. I forgot to  
pass on your request concerning her writing;  
I then wrote her a few lines about that. I still  
haven't read the letters carefully, I'll write  
again when I have. Now the telegram arrived



as well. Really? Really? And you're no longer  
lashing out at me? No, you can't be happy  
about it, that's impossible; this is a telegram  
of the moment just like the other one and the  
truth is neither here nor  
there. Sometimes when one wakes up in  
the morning one thinks that truth is right next  
to the bed, like an open grave with a few  
wilted flowers, ready to receive. I scarcely



dare read the letters; I can only read them by  
spells; I can't stand the pain. Milena—and  
once again I am parting your hair—am I such  
an evil beast, evil toward myself and just as  
evil toward you, or wouldn't it be more  
correct to say the evil is hunting me,  
driving me on? But I don't even dare say that it  
is evil; just that when I'm writing you I think  
it is and then I say so. Otherwise it's like I



described. Whenever I write to you sleep is out  
of the question, both before and after; when I  
don't write I at least get a few hours of  
shallow sleep. When I don't write I'm merely  
tired, sad, heavy; when I do write I am torn  
by fear and anxiety. It seems we're both  
asking for sympathy; I ask you to let me  
crawl away somewhere; you ask me—but the  
fact that this is possible is the most terrible



paradox. But how is it possible? you ask.

What do I want? What am I doing? It's more

or less like this: I, an animal of the forest,

was at that time hardly even in the forest; I

was lying somewhere in a dirty ditch (dirtied

only by my presence, of course) when I 193

saw you outside in the open—the most

wonderful thing I had ever seen. I forgot

everything, forgot myself completely, I



stood up, approached—admittedly anxious  
within this new but familiar freedom—I  
ventured even closer, all the way up to you.

You were so good, I crouched down beside  
you as if it were my right, I laid my face in  
your hand, I was so happy, so proud, so  
free, so mighty, so much at

home, again and again: so much at home—

but in essence I remained a mere animal, just



part of the forest, living in the open only by  
your grace. I was reading my destiny inside  
your eyes without knowing it (since I had  
forgotten everything). This couldn't last.

Although you were stroking me with the  
kindest of hands, you had to

recognize certain peculiarities pointing to the  
forest, my true home and origin. Next

came the necessary and necessarily repeated



discussions about the “fear,” which tortured  
me (and you, but you were innocent), to the  
point of touching my

raw nerve; the feeling kept growing inside me what  
t an unclean pest I was for you, disturbing you  
everywhere, always getting in your way. The  
misunderstanding with Max touched on this;  
in Gmiiindit was already obvious, then came the  
understanding and misunderstanding with



Jarmila, and finally my stupid insensitive-careless behavior with Vlasta and many minor incidents in between. I remembered who I was, and saw that your eyes were no longer deceived; I had the nightmare (of feeling at home in a place one doesn't belong), but for me this nightmare was real. I had to return to the darkness, I couldn't stand the sun, I was desperate, truly like an animal gone astray; I



started running as fast as I could and still  
could not escape the thought: “If only I  
could take her with me!” and the  
counterthought: “But can there be any  
darkness where she resides?” You ask how  
I'm getting along; there's your answer.

[Prague, September 14, 1920]



Detournemaunt on the Work – Finale Finale,

Encore

I. A Review in Church of the Whole

Process of Mingus and Lyrics



The review of Ilaan's works then is simply  
how to develop a process first and then move  
into the historical meaning of the word  
process, which can just develop in poetry and  
infinity or explore its formalisms and  
developments which then is how these two  
works finally – Indisernible and Inordinal is  
his works with Video Installation and Ilaana  
which then means three works in fact as



published, the rest of his works being in fact only *Delicate Sound* of 1971 to be edited with other works – so four works.

Now he means it plans very well the novel in the sense of a magisterial construction which is the base and the writing which is developing the base and superstructure of a



writerly project – he means even the expanse  
is finally covered in this work as simply  
modernity in the 19<sup>th</sup> century to the present  
and is busy in fact developing the following  
format –

—



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This means two parallel themes – On the Road and in fact Victor Hugo which is joined in a magisterial construction – this then is Spanish poetry joined to French poetry and Islamic poetry and Jewishness. He means it is busy being On the Road as well which



develops in the second half of the previous

work – he then depicts that again in this work

– the complexity of roads and therefore

Cathedrals and architectural plans then is his

point in simple means – but actually he

means lives in perhaps Raymond Carver's

sense of Shortcuts, that's what I call lyricism –

here a profound version called Charles

Mingus and Lyrics being described – why jazz



is a man bending down and falling in his  
room.

## II. Notation – Hebrew Bible – Greek

### Structures and General Process



In fact just Abraham, or Christ, or Israel, or  
Hebrew people or in fact Jacob and in fact  
Lesiah and Arab all of this is then ensembles  
which are finally truly a Hebrew Christian  
process.

It can be then that it is Lorcan and  
Lautremaunt like.



### III. Greek Bible and Hebrew Bible

In fact creativity and dancing which is

Rayuelismo.



IV. Derived into in fact – Photographs of

Rayuelismo

In fact such pictures and cinemas are a

Hebrew version of Bible.



V. Meditations by Intellectuals and  
Philosophers even Pope and Reverend  
and Priests

In fact then it has their cutting or  
intercutting as well – to keep the Rayuelismo  
alive for Ilaan and for us speculation and  
theology, even philosophy as the process.



## VI. Jewish Lives

In fact then Israel.

## VII. Communism



Modern context of Christian processes like

Paul.

VIII. Spanish Poetry and French poetry



Finally such a infinite speculation – only on  
science in fact of the language explored here  
– does infinity exist everywhere.

IX. Bible, Libraries and Housing forms – the

Parsis



In fact then the Parsis win again on the  
housing Torah formalism.

## X. Buddhism

Just a work life offered to them.



XI. Humour – that process called literary in  
fact

A lot of literary processes believe in humour  
and its essence, called Messianic jokes.

XII. Magesterial Construction – Spanish  
and French



In fact all of this is Mingus and Lyrics and  
can be read as an Opera – for the  
philosophers to divine – the key philosophical  
process here is – process, like a jazz word or  
even a symphony word.